*Montpellier, March*

. . . which gave to my sorry joys, to each one of them, all the bitterness of sin.

, . . and my greatest joys have been solitary and laden with care.

I lived until the age of twenty-three completely virgin and utterly depraved; crazed to such a point that eventually I came to seek everywhere some bit of flesh on which to press my lips.

Leaning together at the window in the evening, we watched the tints of the sea become more delicate and more mauve. The twilight was spreading.

*15 March*

. . . and my soul, ever more inclined to adoration, became daily more silent.

. . . the saddest of my thoughts.

*17 March*

I like life and prefer sleep, not because of its emptiness, but because of its dreams.

*Spain*

Bullfights.

To kill someone because he is angry is all right; but to anger someone in order to kill him is absolutely criminal.

The bull is killed in a state of mortal sin. He has been forced into that state. He himself only wanted to graze. Etc.

*Paris, end of April*

A perfect knowledge of one's strength, and then see that it is all put to use.

Do not read any more books by ascetics. Find one's exaltation elsewhere; admire that difficult joy of equilibrium, of the fullness of life. May each thing yield all the life possible in it. It is a duty to make oneself happy.

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We shall no longer ask God to raise us up to happiness. Why, in-

deed! We know very well that I am weak.

(Too many things in that sentence. Let's not deny anything. Let's goon.)